Eccleſia Reſtaurata:

A VOTIVE

POEM

TO THE

REBUILDING

OF

St. Paul's Cathedral.

Illa Domus Stabulum? *non eſt, Puer auree, non eſt:*
Illa Domus, quâ tu naſceris, eſt Stabulum?

Craſhaw *Epig. Sacr.*

LONDON:
Printed for *Henry Brome*, at the Gun at the
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A Votive POEM to the Rebuilding of

St. PAUL's CATHEDRAL.

I.

WHat beauteous Tumor's this, with Royal Grace,
Springs up a grateful object to our eyes,
In ſuch a ruin'd and unſightly place?
As Chymick flowers from their own aſhes riſe.

II.

Does time revolve back to the *Saxons* days,
Devotion's more than golden age? thus, thus
Were they employ'd when they did Temples raiſe,
And left----I bluſh, I cannot ſay, to us.

III.

For a ſucceeding Age produced a Race
That durſt aſſume the (then unthought of) guilt,
And with a falſe, but equal Zeal, deface
What the true *Puritans* before had built.

IV.

But now ſlow time repays again that debt
Which kind Antiquity of old did lend:
Fate has a Monarch rais'd who, good as great,
Does, like himſelf, our wounded Faith defend.

V.

Tell of the pious *Ethelbert* no more,
Nor mention peaceful *Edgar*'s happy fame,
Since that renown they juſtly claim'd before,
Now drowned ſinks in *Charles* his greater name.

VI.

Thoſe Royal Saints rejoyce where now they reign,
To ſee a Prince, the greateſt of their Heirs,
Under his Government, reſtore again
The darling Peace and Piety, of theirs.

VII.

To ſuch a King what Duty ought appear,
How much of unfeign'd Reverence and Love?
Who not alone pleaſes all good men here,
But adds a joy to the bleſt Souls above.

VIII.

He *London* rais'd, ruin'd, and ſunk in Fire,
To her now State; and as a Crown to all
(Since higher than Heaven no *Heroes* can aſpire)
Reſtores the honour of her Tutelar *Paul*.

IX.

Paul, a great Prince among the twelve, and our
Peculiar Doctor, after all the grief
He lately ſuffered from a Rebel Power,
Has found at *Ceſars* Judgment-Seat relief.

X.

Who knew not then how they theſe Walls did ſtain,
Making a Church a loathſome Stable, thus
The Saint with Beaſts encountred once again,
More barbarous than thoſe of *Epheſus*.

XI.

Since, like a common houſe, flames did ſurprize
Her roof: the Church obſcured in Ruines lay,
Till now, great *Charles* bids her a Temple riſe,
And from her ten years ſleep ſalute the day.

XII. Mark

XII.

Mark the Gradations which this Building hath;
'Tis quite destroy'd to rise less transitory.
Thus 'tis the language of the Church that saith
Humility is the first step to Glory.

XIII.

Or is it rather fortune did conspire
(So great was late this Temples Prophanation)
As not enough to purge the same by Fire,
To cleanse it to the very first Foundation.

XIV.

Such the Mosaic Law was heretofore, Lev. 14. 45.
To that sad House where the dire Pest did reign:
And can there be a Plague so great, and more
Deadly infectious, than to be prophane?

XV.

Once more from nothing *Paul's* shall pierce the Skie!
So at the last and universal flame,
Man, from that earth where he dissolv'd did lie,
Shall spring new made, more fair, and yet the same.

XVI.

Ruine does thus the way to Beauty prove:
And if a Paradox like this can be,
The Immaterial Church in time may move
Out of Confusion to Conformity.

XVII.

Rise a good *Omen* to our Churches Peace,
Thou Reverend Structure; and as thy Saint, *Paul*,
(Whose honour did by being o'recome increase)
Advance more great, and glorious from thy fall.

XVIII.

But since a Work so great must slowly rise,
And few may live to see it built outright,
To satisfie this Generations eyes,
Behold in little a prophetic light.

XIX.

Thus, when in flames th' *Arabian* Bird expires,
To live again in a more vigorous birth,
A little Phenix from those Funeral Fires
Starts up the Embryo-wonder of the earth.

XX.

What Miracle of Art will grow from hence,
And challenge through the World a Parallel,
When the bare Model only for Expence,
And real Value does so far excel?

XXI.

But something more Majestic than ev'n this
May we with solid reason well expect,
Where to the Work, a *CHARLES* auspicious is:
A help so great can have no small effect.

XXII.

Hereafter, how will every Generation
Bless that dear name, when from Records they know
This City's Beauty, Glory of the Nation,
To th' pious greatness of his soul they owe.

XXIII.

Nor shall Posterity forget the least
Of those, who such a Monument shall raise;
For when from their surviving Work they rest,
Eternal Fame shall mention their due Praise.

XXIV.

What did I say-----only, eternal Fame?
Better Records are to such merit given;
Angels shall write with their own quills, each name
I'th' everlasting Registers of Heaven.

XXV.

While in the front of those deserving men,
As the Conductor of this beauteous Frame,
Stands *Englands Archimedes*, Learned *Wren*,
Who builds in *Paul's* a Trophy to his Name.

XXVI.

Earths Cabinet of Rarities, famed *Rome*,
Shall now no more alone poſſeſs what's rare;
Since *Britiſh* Architecture dares preſume
To vie with the moſt celebrated there.

XXVII.

Britain, who, though perhaps, the laſt ſhe be
To imitate what's great in Forein Parts,
Yet when ſhe that hath done, we always ſee
Th' Inventors ſhe excels in their own Arts.

XXVIII.

Ah happy Engliſhmen! if we could know
Our happineſs, and our too active fears
Of being wretched, did not make us ſo!
What cauſe of grief, other than this appears?

XXIX.

France, and the neighbouring *Europe*, flame in War,
Seeking by Arms each others reſt t' invade;
But while they burn and bleed, we only, are
Rich in an envied Peace, and Forein Trade.

XXX.

While there, nor Church, nor Sanctuary can
Shield the rich Merchant from the armed rout,
Nor Virgin from the Luſt of furious man.
Our Iſland one Aſylum ſeems, throughout.

XXXI.

Sacred and Civil Structures there decreaſe,
And while to Arms their lofty heads ſubmit,
We are imploy'd in the beſt Works of Peace,
And erect Temples to the God of it.

L'En-

XXVI.

L'Envoy.

XXVII.

RIse noblest Work, rise above Envy's eye,
Never in thy own Ruines more to lie,
Till the whole world finds but one obsequy.
Rise to that noted heighth, that *Spain*, and *France*,
Nay, *Italy*, may by their confluence
To our North Wonder, thy great Name advance.

And, what's to Protestants of better sense,
Make them confess our English Church expence,
And Beauty, equals their Magnificence.

XXVIII.

FINIS.